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mediocre talent to one of undoubted power and genius, she has won for herself a most enviable reputation, and will always be remembered with kindly feelings by New York theatre goers.

Mrs. Jennings, as Clara, gives us a truthful picture of the heart-broken, ill-used wife, while Miss Fanny Morant and Mrs. Sefton are both admirable in the respective rôles of Lady Glencarrig and Mrs. Bolton Jones.

Mr. Robinson's John Leigh is a perfect gem, never exaggerated, never overdrawn, but always quiet, natural, easy and at times, genuinely pathetic. His childish delight, at the sale of his picture, his affection for Mary, the scene in the garden with his children, and then that last great trouble, when he is racked by the awful suspicion of his wife's infidelity, are one and all proofs of the consummate skill of the actor, and on Tuesday evening met with the well-merited recognition of the large audience present.

Mr. Fisher's Scudamore in the earlier parts was entirely excellent, but in the later portions, where he is called upon to display a more gallant bearing, was not so good, presenting the spectacle of an unfinished picture, one in which the lights had been strongly painted with a bold hand, but in which the shadows were entirely neglected.

"Hunted Down" must, from its very merits, prove a decided success. It is a story that appeals directly to the tenderer emotions of the heart, and, as played by Mr. Wallack's excellent company, leaves not a dry eye in the audience. It cannot be called sensational, but for all that it is always interesting. Never maudlin, it is still pathetic.

Savage.

NEW BOOKS.

John Savage's poems have been collected and reproduced in one volume by Kirker, New York. The title of the book is "Poems, Lyrical, Dramatic and Romantic," by John Savage. It is a handsome volume, finely printed on superb paper, and is elegantly bound. The first edition was sold within a few days after its publication. The encomiums from the Press are warm and unanimous, all recognizing in the author the true poetic inspiration. The *Round Table's* criticism is thoroughly appreciative and very genial. It says:

"Many of the poems in this volume are well known to us, as they appeared from time to time anonymously in various periodicals. The repurusal of some of them has made the heart warm to him as an old familiar friend. We have read Mr. Savage's poems with much pleasure and close attention, and hesitate not to say that it would be difficult to find one in whom so many qualities of the true poet are happily combined and blended. Imagination, eloquence, descriptive power, quick and keen observation, patriotic fervor and love for what is truly good and great, these are but some of the characteristics to which the promptings of a warm Irish heart give a force and fervor seldom to be found in the tame, trite effusions too often palmed on these degenerated days as 'poetry.' Did our limits admit, we should have no difficulty beyond that arising from an *embarras des richesses* in making many selections of high merit and beauty to grace our columns. We can, however, commend the volume cordially to all lovers of true poetry, and urge them, first

and foremost, to read 'The Patriot Mother,' 'The Muster of the North,' 'Requiem for the Dead of the Irish Brigade,' 'St. Anne's Well,' and 'Washington.'"

In a review of Savage's poems the *National Republican*, of Washington, says, amid other good thoughts:

"Our Savage is most gentle—a child of imagination, chasing butterflies, birds, breezes, moonbeams, rainbows and fairies. He catches them, too, and lo! in his hands what beauty, what significance, undreamed of before, do they reveal! A lover—how his flute-like voice steals into the heart and haunts forever its sacred halls! The young must love him, for the true poet of love is ever young. The old must love him, for in his wisdom and his kindness he is their adviser, their friend and comforter."

And closes with the following, which we hope the poet will take to heart:

"We predict, from his delicate fancy, his picturesque and powerful language, his loving heart and true-judging brain, that the poet of whom we have written will enjoy a growing and permanent popularity. He is now in his prime, and the country will expect and welcome more of the fruits of his facile pen."

In the New York *Tribune* we find the following strong and discriminating endorsement from the pen of the accomplished literary editor, Mr. George Ripley:

"The Poems of John Savage have been collected in a handsome volume, and published by James B. Kirker, furnishing the numerous admirers of his productions with an excellent edition of his complete poetical writings. Mr. Savage has won an eminent place among the younger poets of this country, chiefly by the ample expression which he lends to feelings of more than common fervor, by the pliancy and alertness of his fancy, the warm glow of his patriotism, and the union of tenderness and fiery passion in the utterance of the softer sentiments. He has a quick ear for the music of verse, and many of his pieces are remarkable for their melody of tone. The military poems in the volume, especially 'The Starry Flag' and 'The Muster of the North,' are instinct with heroic life, and nobly ring out the inspiring strains which led our troops to victory in the battle-years that have gone by."

THE MODEL SOPRANO.

We copy the following lively sketch from the New York *Gazette*. It hits off a certain class of lady singers very felicitously.—[Eo.]

THE MODEL SOPRANO.—Ladies who sing in church choirs have considerable to try them; but as a general thing they make it even by doing considerable to try others. It is often very inconvenient for them to keep their engagements, by trudging through the ice and snow. They think so too, and consequently compromise the matter by staying at home. That is a frequent view of compromise—having everything one's own way. It is very convenient.

The model soprano does exist, however, and it is a pleasure to draw her picture. She is pretty and amiable. She dresses in charming taste and has the most rotund waterfall and the most cunning little saucer of a bonnet of any one in the church. She has eyes either of black, blue or hazel, and she knows how to use them. She is fond of music and has preferences, but never urges them with obstinacy, though the careful observer will notice that she generally has them gratified. Why? Because she has such fascinating, coaxing, charming ways, and because the choir director is but human and often has a great soft spot in place of a heart. Moreover, the model soprano wins the organist's heart by pretend-

ing to dote on the music he composes for her. When he gets cross she looks up in his eyes, and he thinks he is a monster not to do precisely as the sweet songstress desires. When not engaged in these little duties she flirts a little with the tenor. The alto never "thinks much" of the soprano.

Once in a while the model soprano makes a mistake, but she acknowledges it so readily that she is excused at once. By and by a young man who has hitherto only escorted her to the door, comes a few times into the choir with her. She don't care much for him—of course not. She never means to be married, oh! no. She likes an independent life; at which announcement the tenor groans in despair.

By and by the young man becomes more regular in his attendance. Being a stranger in the choir, good manners makes her sit by him so he will not feel bashful. Often she has a neat little muff on her lap. It is a very handy muff.

At this dangerous stage of proceedings the organist, if he be prudent, begins to look for another soprano. So when the model lady resigns her situation and becomes Mrs. Young Man, he is prepared for the event.

The tenor wonders what the lady can see to like in that Young Man. For his part he never saw such an insipid person. He is convinced that the model soprano will die of a broken heart from lack of sympathy and appreciation. When a year later she pays a visit to the choir, it is surprising how she bears up under her broken heart. She really looks happier than ever.

But these model sopranos are very few. Of other kinds, however, there is a powerful variety.

There is the giggling soprano. She is very young, and spends most of her time in laughing. To make a blunder in her singing, fills her with the most irrepressible mirth. Sometimes in a pause of the service the congregation is edified with an audible titter which is easily traced to the giggling soprano.

Opposed to this is the grim soprano, a lady who dresses in depressing mud-colored brown. She holds herself aloof from the rest of the singers and casts a gloom over the whole choir. She usually sings well, but will neither resign, die, nor get married. Every one says she is "very much of a lady," but nobody at all enjoys her company.

The experienced soprano is one who is a terror and a scourge. She has sung in all the leading churches of the city since the year 1829. She was once, she says, leading soprano at Trinity, and left because the music did not suit her. She has received propositions from various clergymen to sing in their churches, but she will not accept unless she has her own way, she says. She is correct and prompt in her performance, and views the other singers with mingled disdain and compassion. She will tell the tenor how Mr. Bellows used to sing a certain passage in 1834, and will regret that he is not with them now. She declares that choir singing has vastly deteriorated of late. She turns up her nose at everything except Handel and Mozart, and deplors the bad taste of the organist. Her voice is sharp and wiry, but she evidently thinks herself to be in the plenitude of her vocal powers, and in every way superior to her vocal companions. In musical technical ability she really is. Also in pretension and meddling.

A very numerous class, alack! is that for which we can devise no more expressive and truthful title than that of the impudent soprano. This creature usually sings with energy, vigor, and often with good taste, and is popular with the congregation. In the choir, however, she is a besom of destruction. To be associated with her there is to be tied up in a coffee bag with a scorpion. She knows, in her own opinion, far more than anybody else in the choir. She wants to sing all the solos, and is bitter and uncharitable to every other singer who attempts one. As to other sopranos she is pitiless. She was never known to say a kind word of any professional sister.